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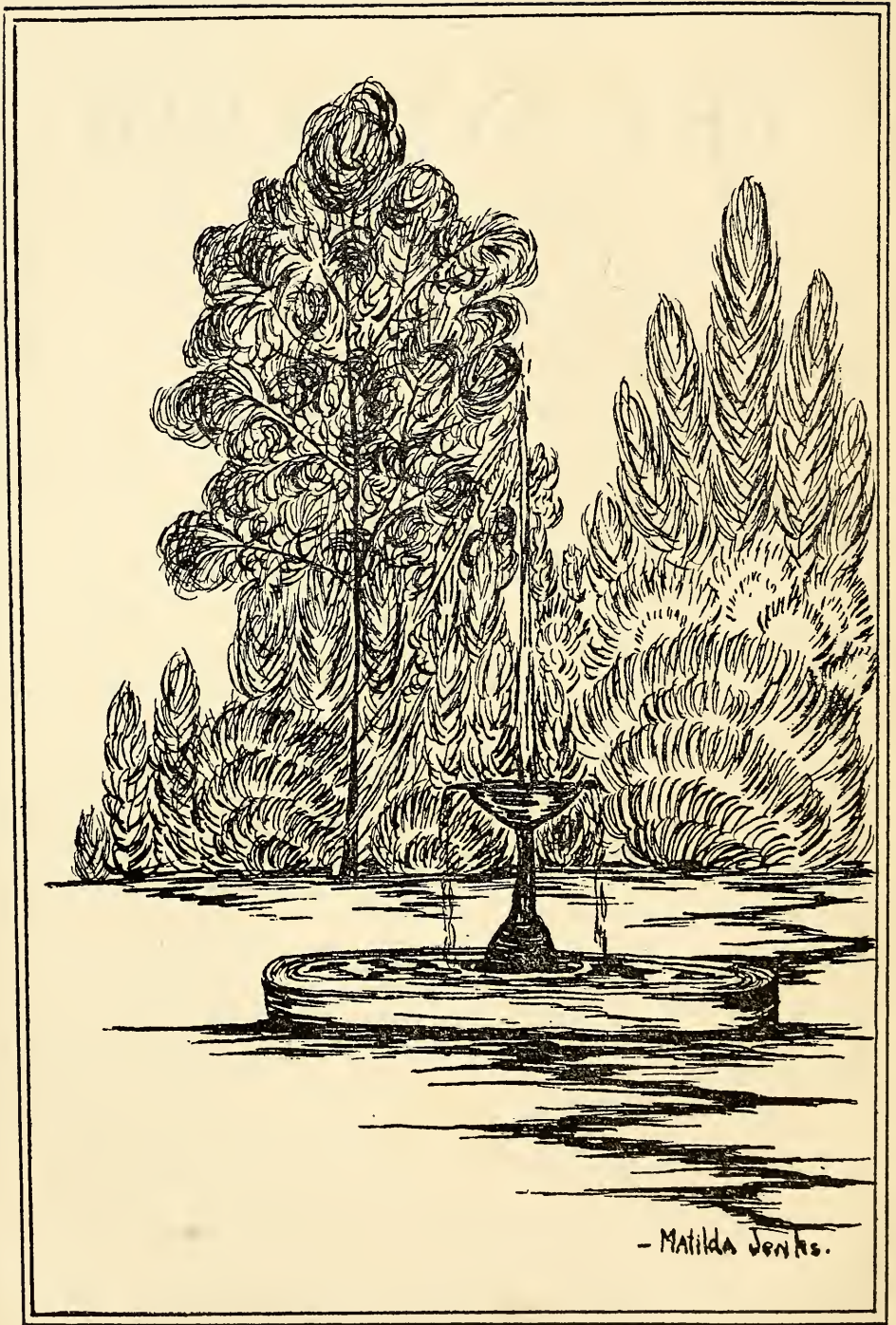
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Silent Interlude

When I am dead, I shall come back to you,
Wearing my soul much like a garment proud,
Glad to be rid of body and of flesh,
To leave behind my narrow wooden shroud.

Then, turning, you shall silence any word
That might leap up to tremble on my lips
By some calm warning in the touch
Of your sure-moving fingertips.

Together we shall sense the quiet dusk,
As blue and beautiful as many lilac blooms.
It will be gentle to the both of us,
As is the peace of waiting, unlit rooms.

Together, we shall wait with quiet eyes
Until the street lights burst like lotus blooms
As if by sudden miracle of light
A thousand candles should light up a room.

Then, silent, I shall turn to catch your eyes
And take my leave of you, the pines, and mist.
A thousand evenings it shall happen thus
That you and I shall keep our speechless tryst.

ARLINE FONVILLE



Living in the World

By ROBERTA JOHNSON

LIKE every other organism in the world we are constantly trying to adapt ourselves and our viewpoints to change. From the earliest age of reasoning we are consciously altering our lives to fit situations. We are constantly drawing cards from the deck of years—and then discarding them. What we find to be true in one instance is all too useless at another time. So we go on through life. But sometimes in that monotonous drawing we find two cards that match—that need not be discarded for quite a while. It is these cards, these more permanent cards of philosophy I have drawn, that I shall here explain.

In regard to social relations, I believe that every person is extremely self-centered. In his world he is King. To himself—but there is not need to be impersonal—to myself, I am the most important of persons. To yourself, you are of the most importance. Other people matter to us only in so much as they are a part of us. My family is dearest to me because its individuals are most like me and because they are all of the same blood as I. My friends mean much to me because they are similar or in some way “fit” the needs of myself. It is the same with them—with other persons. If I mean anything to another person, it is because I fill a certain demand on the part of that person. People I do not know matter to me not at all.

On the basis of this, it seems almost paradoxical to attempt to justify the organization of social institutions. Why do we have governments? Why do we have churches and families? Because we have made them for ourselves—our individual selves. Government exists as a safeguard for me and for those who matter to me. Other people have made Government to keep me from harming them. I have made it to insure safety and comfort for myself. Because I know I would get into trouble or more truly because I know that I would hurt myself, I refrain from harming those whom I do not know or love. And because I love myself I do not harm those who matter to me. The same holds true in the family and in the church. The church exists to carry on the religion in which I believe. If not I do not support it.

This is my underlying analysis of human relations. Theoretically it is the basis of any further philosophy that I may build. Practically it is of no consequence; for, other people who are of value to me because of myself, become so close to me that I fail to see the relation between us.

I love them without realization of why. The relation is much like that of the "Conditioned Reflex" in psychology.

A stimulus, such as a loud noise, calls from a child a response of crying. At the same time a furry animal is presented to the child. Later the furry animal is presented without the accompanying noise. Again the child cries. In the same way at first a pleasing sense of fitness accompanied by a person, brings the response of love, affection, or esteem. At a later time the same person draws forth the same response of love although the original stimulus of pleasingness to self is quite forgotten.

Because a social regime has been built upon individualism, and because that regime has endured so long, we are in a difficult position, theoretically, as to what to do. We are all essentially individualists, and yet our social system is so complexly built that it has become non-individualistic. The problem is: Shall we become individualists in a society in which we will be much censured? The answer is: yes—yes, if you can bear the censure. Theoretically, the person who dares to remain himself alone will be right and true to himself. But if in any way, results would bother him, if he were not enough of an individualist to disregard censure, the best thing that he can do is to support the social system, the beliefs and the work of the world. He should fit himself wholeheartedly into society and bid his inner self "Good-day."

In another sense of the word all of man's social institutions are examples of his flight from reality, from the reality of the individual. In his religion he still flees from reality, not, however, from that of individualism. Religion must be extremely individualistic. It must be altered to fit the needs of every person. Any religious belief that satisfies the person to whom it belongs fills the requirement. The essential thing is to believe something strongly and deeply, for man as a race or as an individual needs a driving force in his life. Religion has as a whole become most generally accepted as the power of life. It is fairly easy to see that this incentive force should have great strength if it is to serve for its purpose. The nature of the belief itself is inconsequential. In any religious belief we are but refusing to face the cold hard fact of nothingness. Nor is there any need to acknowledge the truth. It is not truth that we are seeking. We are avoiding that. We seek the mythology of life, for artificiality we have found happier than reality. We are optimistic creatures who build for ourselves fanciful religious beliefs. As long as the beliefs serve to make us happy in our lives, they are satisfactory.

In the same sense, a belief in immortality of the soul is really of no consequence. We know nothing. Any belief of immortality that makes us happier, serves its purpose. After death, nothing will matter. Reason

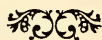
completely disproves a life of atonement. Let us believe that which contents us. After death, it will all be the same.

Accordingly I believe in some coördinating Power of the universe. Most apparent to me is this Force in the organization of the world of physics—of light, heat, sound, motion, gravity. Because it is apparent in these things, I can see it in the unity of the realm of mentality and spirituality. As long as this God is mine, it is the true God.

Some sort of immortality I hope for in my thoughts, in my children, in constructive products of my mind and body. Perhaps, I hope that in these things there lies a certain immortality of the soul—of me. So I believe fervently that which at the time being best fills my needs, that which makes me happiest, that which fills my social life with strength and ambition, for—

Because I know a dying Autumn leaf
Will find its strength, its life again in flower;
Because I know a bird note all too brief
Is passed from throat to throat to dare each hour;
Because I know that raindrops crystal clear
Can vanish but to fall again as dew;
Because I know that each succeeding year
Can bring but Beauty's echoes that I knew;

I know that somewhere my own strength will go
To surge through newer, stronger limbs than mine.
I know that somewhere in the darkness, Lo!—
Some dream I've known but scarcely could define,
Will take its form to drift to light somewhere
And anchor burdenless and gleaming there.



Night Interval

You lay beside me with soft breath
And little murmurs now and then.
You dreamed of pleasant things;
Outside the stars were cold and far away.
I tossed, and hated night.

ANNE COOGAN

Posoonie and the Bell

By FRANCES WERTZ

A BELL tolling the passing of a human being from this world always echoes in my ears the sobs of Little Posoonie.

In a sleepy little village amid the mountains lived little Posoonie with her widowed mother and her brothers and sisters. Her father had been taken away by a cholera epidemic.

One day Posoonie was sent to the village well. There she listened to the babble of several old women. Said one of them, "The priests at the temple have cast the biggest bell in the world. They are going to have a great celebration, and the bell will be rung for the first time."

Then the group gathered around the gossipers and began asking eager questions. Posoonie learned the celebration would probably last all of the following day.

Posoonie did not linger to hear more. She quickly filled her jar, set it on her head, and hurried home to tell the news to her mother.

Then Posoonie's mother told the children that they would start early in the morning that they might see the priests' bell. "We do not want to miss any of the ceremony. Posoonie, you are to stay at home and take care of the baby." Posoonie begged to go, but all in vain. She must care for her little brother.

With big tears in her eyes, Posoonie watched the family depart the next morning. In his flowing robe her oldest brother led the family. The mother pressed in her weary hands an insignificant offering which she would place at the feet of Baal. The sisters tripped proudly behind the mother. Little Posoonie wished that she were along, too.

"It is too far to go by myself," she thought, "and there is the baby." Without losing sight of her poor home, she rambled around with her little brother. She was in a very melancholy mood, but she found comfort in a little brook. It was a pleasure for her to throw small stones into the stream. At meal time she found some cold rice her mother had left for her and the baby. The afternoon passed much faster than the morning had, and the villagers came home as night came on.

One sister told Posoonie that the bell was huge, and that it would fill their largest room.

Posoonie asked, "Was the sound beautiful?"

And then one of the sisters explained that though the bell sounded well to them, the priests were not satisfied. They agreed that the bell did not have a soft tone.

That night the mother seemed more worried than ever. She had a far-away look in her eyes. Posoonie heard her moan and mutter about spirits. Once she was sure she caught her own name. But all the mother would say to the child was she only wished that she knew how to appease the evil spirit that pursued them.

That night Posoonie crawled out of her bed and peeped through a crack. In the adjoining room sat her mother.

She appeared to be contemplating rather than expressing extreme grief. Posoonie heard her mutter, "I am such a coward to do this, but the spirits haunt me. We must live."

Then there was a long, frightful stillness; and again came the weary sobs of the mother.

The strain of the evening told on the mother. In the morning she was pale and nervous. But Little Posoonie tried to forget what she had heard. She almost persuaded herself that all was merely a bad dream.

For a long time the next morning the mother hardly spoke to Posoonie. But at length she whispered to her, "Posoonie, I shall take you to see the bell when it is ready to be cast."

Not many days passed before the new bell was ready to be cast. Posoonie and her mother prepared to go to see the bell. It was a long, steep climb, and Posoonie grew tired. At the top of a precipice they came in sight of the temple. It lay among the crags. The place was forbidding and cold. They soon reached an old door in the wall. It groaned on its heavy hinges as the two passed through it to enter a large court crowded with spectators. In the middle of the court stood a huge cauldron. Ashes of a fire were smouldering beneath it. The seething liquid metal in the cauldron was ready to be poured into the cast. Somewhere in the distance a drum beat dismally. At intervals Posoonie heard a clash of cymbals. She crept nearer to her mother's side.

"Take me home," she pleaded. But her mother instead led her into a small room that opened on the court. The room was darkened, and Posoonie could not see things very well. At first she did not know that anyone else was there. Then she heard a man's voice speak in a low tone to her mother; and she gradually realized that the priest was there and was scrutinizing her from the top of her little black head to her toes. He felt of her healthy arms and legs; he placed his thin hands over her head and offered a prayer.

He muttered, "She will do." Then to the child, "Follow me," he said. They were in the court again. Posoonie trembled and drew away from the numerous curious eyes, but the priest led her to the steps above the cauldron. Slowly she climbed them. The drum ceased. She felt everyone turn their eyes toward her. She was in a maze, but she did not give up. She stretched her arms toward her mother who was weeping, but who was making no attempt to save her child. Posoonie stopped above the cauldron. She made a gesture with her hands. The priest stopped behind her and with a swift movement pushed the child into the hot liquid mass. She shrieked for a moment, then as the little body was tossed again upon the surface there came an "Um-m-m-m-mother;" and then quickly Little Posoonie sank into the flaming mass.

* * * * *

The tone of the bell was so plaintive that it was rarely rung. It most often tolled the passing of a good soul from this world. And when it does ring, the old women of the country still shake their heads and hearken to the sad voice of Little Posoonie, still crying out "Um-m-ma."



The Gifts

Trailing lies and deceit you crept
Out of my life.
You are gone.
What does it matter?
You are forgotten.
And in the dim, sleeping stillness of my heart
Lies untouched
The youth, the passion, the soul of me I would have given freely
To the person you had not the courage to be.

LOUISE KING

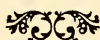
I Looked Into the Sun

Because I was alive and strong and glad
I looked into the sun,
And of all the things you told me
That was the very one.
I never should have done.

The white hot light thus warned against
Has beat into my eyes.
I carry back a shining spot
From out the skies
And learn that you are wise.

Never had I even known
There was a thing could shine so bright,
Yet should the darkness swiftly come
(As well it might)
I shall not lose the sight.

HELENE COOGAN



Perception?

When a candle in a quite dark room
Shows sudden light and shadow on an upturned face,
Or when some half-lilt has touched a voice,
Freeing charmed loveliness within this place,
When with love and love's deep laughter
Happiness has been surprised,
Strange such pain should follow after.
Is this then Beauty un-disguised?

HELENE COOGAN

Commencement

By MARGARET McJOHNSON

SARAH ELIZABETH ABERNATHY . . . Julia Louise Abbott . . . Mary Powell Adams . . . Sara Lee Allen," the President began the list of graduates. One by one the black-robed figures filed by and reached out for the diplomas he thrust at them. Marjorie York slid down a little farther on her back-bone and watched listlessly.

How silly it was to have all the ceremony. These robes and flat-topped hats, the stinging tassels, were utter stupidity for a modern age!

The Commencement speaker, some renowned doctor from somewhere, mopped his brow with a huge handkerchief. His labors over, his speech well received by faculty members, the only listeners, he seemed ready to rest a bit.

Lambe, Land, Lane, Laney—the figures filed by. Marjorie began arranging her robe to get up and march by in line. She would be almost the last as usual, but it did not matter. Being dealt out a diploma was so dull a performance compared with the real getting of it. Marjorie wondered whether all the parents would be sitting back complacently if, instead of this archaic ceremony, an example of class-room discussions had been given. She tried to imagine what her mother's expression would be if she were to drop in on a hall discussion of how the future husbands of these young college women were going to be secured and managed. She guessed at what her father would think of the term-paper she had just written for economics on "Carolina's Skeleton in the Closet—the Tenant Farmer."

Four years of college had changed her from their narrow little daughter with an assumed air of worldly wisdom and independence to a thinker who could shine in any liberal discussion. For three summers she had felt herself changing—had stayed at home feeling a little like a stranger in the family. She had helped her mother about the house and walked over the farm with her father in the same old way. They had been pitifully happy over her company—her thoughtfulness, her cleverness. They had not dreamt that she laughed sorrowfully at their easy-going ways, the little white school to which she had gone, the general store her uncle ran in a nearby town, the old brick church in which they all sang so lustily of a Sunday. She had never said how stupidly Uncle Alfred managed his buying and credit. She had never told them the

psychological and sociological bases for their interest in the little church. Not once had she criticized the community life which centered about the school. Her people did not know that she had left them for a newer faith; she had told them nothing but such things as this day was—clothes, parties, printed diplomas which meant nothing.

The girl at the end of the row got up, and Marjorie arose with her. Their line joined the one slowly trickling by the president. "Marjorie York," he said, and she felt the foolish book in her hand. She changed her tassel, nodded, and walked on by. "It is absurd," she thought, "for civilized people to go through such rituals—to be so cold and solemn."

She was through now and going out in the world, well-equipped, able to grapple with its greatest problems clear-eyed, unafraid, free from superstition. It was glorious!

One short prayer, during which she watched the speaker surreptitiously lift his mortar-board to mop his streaming forehead, and the whole thing was over. Mothers and fathers and kid-brothers and uncles and teachers and graduates immediately mixed themselves up in a grand scramble. Shoving her way through a mass of kisses and tears, Marjorie sought her mother, only to be enveloped at once, kissed, and cried over.

"I'm so happy, dear, so happy. To think that you are through and can come back home again," her mother whispered.

Her father stood by embarrassedly, his hat in his left hand and his handkerchief in his right. Marjorie reached out to him and he transferred the handkerchief quickly to pat her hand with his dry, rigid one.

Although she still realized fully that they were not her intellectual equals, Marjorie felt her heart drawn out to them. Sentimental, she knew, but she did not care. Her father watched her gravely through steady brown eyes. She noticed as she looked away how fine his chin was—the York chin which she too had. Sturdily it made the setting for a firm mouth.

She hugged her tearful mother to her—dear, dumpy Mother—and said grandly, "What strange conduct have we here? This is a time for frolic. Come now, mama, let's go to the dorm and get all freshened up and then go down-town for a big dinner."

"Any cool place will be better than this," her father sighed feelingly.

Marjorie gave him her diploma to carry for her and hooked her hand on his arm. In line with many others they walked out across the campus.

"Mama," Marjorie chattered, "now that I am an educated woman, the very first thing I am going to do when I get home is—guess what!"

She looked down at her mother teasingly, and Mrs. York smiled, somewhat fearfully.

"I'm sure I don't know. It might be almost anything . . ." Her lips quivered.

"The very nicest thing! I'm going to bake myself a cherry pie and we'll have it hot for supper."

"Silly," laughed her mother. "I was afraid you were going to start reforming your father and me. We've been mighty lucky to escape, I guess. Mrs. Roberts said that Sue has just been home a week now from Louisville, (you know this was her first year), and she wants to be called 'Bobbie' and have Mrs. Roberts read a lot of perfectly terrible books she studied in science. I'm so thankful that you went through college without being hurt."

"Oh, mama," scoffed Marjorie, staring at the gravel which crunched under their feet.

She felt her father's eyes on her and shifted her hand nervously on his arm. He clasped her hand and pressed her fingers. "I am glad we could send you here, Marjorie. It was a bit of a pull this year, you know. Mama and I were just wondering on the way up if you hadn't better get a job. A school somewhere near home would be right nice."

"Oh, Dad, it's too late *now* to get a job!"

"We hoped we wouldn't have to say anything about it. But things got pretty bad when Mr. Falls failed. There were some notes I'd signed; we didn't want to worry you about it during school."

"Oh," Marjorie saw her winter of lazy reading and study, of injecting modern ideas and proper organization in her community go a-glimmering. She was to teach, just teach, like a hundred other commonplace girls who had been graduated today. She knew that no country teacher could risk being very modern, even a little free. She contemplated the boredom of spare time spent in flattering some country school board; it was impossible.

"I think you can get the place at Grover," her father continued. "There is to be a vacancy, and your Uncle Alfred is head of the board."

"Grover," thought Marjorie. "The tiniest, teeniest, most measly insignificant place on the map of the United States. Grover, for me! I'd be the only person in town who would dare to play bridge, the only one who would risk her soul to darn a stocking on Sunday, the only woman who would presume herself to be as good as a man. Grover! I'd die in Grover—to go to church all winter and summer, listen to stupid sermons, teach in the Sunday School, perhaps, and sing in the choir week in and week out. It is too terrible."

"I'd sort of hoped I could just stay at home this winter—just stay at home and visit around," Marjorie ventured looking up at her father.

"Could I not do that, just this year? Then, go to New York and study next year when things pick up?"

His expression stopped her. His firm mouth was set very straight as he began to speak.

She interrupted before he could say more than, "You see . . . "

"It will be all right. Don't you worry one minute. I just wish you had told me ages ago instead of worrying over it all by yourselves. Didn't you just love Commencement? It was worth it all, now wasn't it?"

Mrs. York panted, "Yes, it was lovely. You look so dignified in your cap; you almost awe me. I'm glad you don't mind about the money, Marjorie. It will be a real joy to have you back. I had worried."

"Now, see how silly it was. Everything will be fine. We're almost to the dorm now. Dad, as soon as I say 'good-by' to twenty dozen people and get this hot-house off, I'll be ready to go. You can fan yourself with that fine diploma while we get ready." She popped a kiss under his ear and raced for the door, stopping to open it and usher her mother in.

All the way down the hall she chattered. Other girls leaving called to her. She went back to tell some good-by, while her mother went on to her room.

"Don't forget to write me that study you promised of the tenants on your father's farm," Sarah reminded her. "I'll need it next year in Chicago."

"Oh, I'll get it up. And you are not to forget that you are to write about *every* thing you learn up there. Oh, there's Gladys leaving!"

The two girls ran out together to kiss Gladys soundly. Usually, she would not let any one kiss her, but today she was more human.

"I hate to tell you all good-by. It's been so good up here," Gladys quavered.

"And we hate like the devil to see you go, you scoundrel," answered Sarah affectionately. "But you are going to write—don't forget. We will all write to each other every week, shan't we? All about what we are thinking and what we are learning. And you are to send us all the poems you write, Gladys, you hear?" Sarah patted her on the back and kissed her once again just because she could.

Suddenly, Marjorie decided that she did not want to tell any one else good-by. Sarah and Gladys were the best of college to her. Their parting words would mean most; she would have no other.

With promises all around once more to be faithful to their ideals of intellect, they parted.

Marjorie found her mother lying down on the bare mattress. She had taken off her hat, loosened her moist hair, and let her swollen feet too have a breath of air. Marjorie saw that the shoes she had carelessly kicked off had been newly half-soled. Her own pumps were ten dollars worth of trimness.

Silently she took off her robe and folded it up. She put it in its box and tip-toed out to check it in. Somehow she liked it better since it seemed probable that she would not have another soon. She would have to make these last four years mean more than ever. They seemed already four years of true golden opportunity. She was glad she had not wasted them as so many did. She resolved again the resolve she and Gladys and Sarah had made many times together: "Always to be happily adjusted, but never to become provincial."

* * * *

That evening she baked her cherry pie with marvelous success, and she, her reserved father, and her dumpy little mother ate it together in the low-ceiling dining room. A simple country breeze slipped in from the fields through the white curtains and patted her hot cheeks.

She sighed. Perhaps it had been too much to insist on doing so many things today. She said, "I believe, if you don't mind, I'll go to bed at eight-thirty. I am so tired, and I couldn't go to sleep early at school ever."

Her mother dimpled. "I'll tuck you in just like I used to," she chirped.

It seemed very good to be between cool sheets at eight-thirty, getting tucked in gently while the country-side still sang. Marjorie returned her mother's delicate kiss and smiled into her eyes. Mrs. York tip-toed out—quietly but unsteadily. Marjorie thought of lying there and thinking out how she could be her college self here, how she could be a country school teacher and Sarah's comrade—but she fell asleep.

* * * *

Grover was very proud of its new teacher. She had an air that none other had ever had. Of course, she was just Alfred Belk's niece, but she was a fine woman. Her face had lots of character in it, plain to see.

It was funny, though, that she went to walk by herself so much. She was always looking as if she expected to see something nice out in the plain fields. Yes, she appeared interested in everybody—always dropping in on even the poorest to talk about their children that she taught, and always listening to anything they had to say about their troubles.

She had a good strong voice, too, and was good about singing in the choir. She was always almost the stillest one in church during the sermon. Miss Tate, who sat on the front row, said that she always looked just at the preacher's nose, and that she twisted her fingers all the time; but no one liked Miss Tate.

* * * *

Grover did not gossip about the new teacher now. She had been there going-on three years, and they had a new preacher to talk about. He was a young fellow and a fine-looking chap. He was just out of the Seminary but none of your smart-alecks. He could certainly stir their hearts. If they had not known it was the Holy Ghost working through him, they reckoned they might have been mad at the way he lit right in and said anything—just so calm and cool, as if he expected them to change their meanness as soon as they knew about it.

* * * *

Miss Tate said that Marjorie York did not look at the preacher's nose any more; she looked at his eyes. Miss Tate was right.

* * * *

When Marjorie wrote to Sarah she said, "I don't know whether I have forsaken you or not, but I know it has been very natural. I am very, very happy in my love for him. I feel that I have at last really grown. It has meant more to me than all those vaunted four years at school. To you I may look provincial, but inside I am freer, more joyous than ever."

* * * *

Sarah wrote from Chicago, "That is almost the way I feel. To you I may look hard-boiled, but inside I am more provincial than ever. As you feel about your minister, I do about my professor. I can't express things, never could, but you know what I mean. Shall we have a double wedding in June—at Commencement time?"

* * * *

Gladys wrote each a poem of forgiveness and was the sole bridesmaid.



Poems

By MILLIE OGDEN

So many beautiful things in life
By trite words are broken.
The things I treasure most from you
Are the words you left unspoken.



Patience sat in the midst of Chaos,
Not a word she said:
Chaos drew close, tore at her flesh,
But Time only bled.
Chaos stormed and raged but in vain,
For Patience had a long while been dead.



Feet

Feet, feet, feet, in time with the ticking of my watch;
In time with the popular jazz tunes in my head.
Feet, feet, feet—women's high heels,
Tap, tap, tap, monotonous—endless,
Digging little holes in my brain!



Ants and Maggots

Hosts of ants on candy wrappers—
Maggots eating away the sweet things of Life—
Tiny, evil sappers.

Welcome to Sunnybank

By HELEN COMER

MY idea had always been that authors and famous people in general, were conceited, inhospitable, and generally unlovable. However, now, at least as far as Mr. Albert Payson Terhune is concerned, my opinion is changed.

After an unsuccessful trip to his home, I wrote him a letter in which I tried to make it clear that, though I was not a prospective customer, I would like very much to visit his home in order to see those dogs of which I had heard, and read so much. I was a total stranger to Mr. Terhune, and of course he was under no obligation to grant my request. But because of his absolute desire to please others, when it lay in his power to do so, he answered my letter at once, inviting me to come. This quotation from his letter will show this cordiality better than I can:

"I am sorry and a little ashamed, that you should have been so disappointed in your efforts to see my pack of furry Disreputables. Accept my regrets for all the bother you were put to; and my thanks for your most unusual good breeding in not seeking to crash the gates.

"If Saturday is a convenient time for you, I will leave word for the gates to be left open that morning, until eleven. If possible, I shall give myself the pleasure of seeing you and apologizing for your disappointment of last week."

Of course we went, this friend of mine who had made the first trip with me and I, even though it meant leaving Mount Vernon at seven in the morning of the wettest day of that summer.

Before we got to Pompton Lakes, our courage had oozed right down to the mud under that New Jersey bus. We realized that though his letter was cordial when he wrote it in the sunshine, had he known that it was to be answered in the rain, would he have been quite so hospitable? The more it rained the lower our spirits got, and, we thought that, without any exceptions, New Jersey is the wettest place when it rains in the world!

As "Sunnybank," Mr. Terhune's home, is about a mile and a half from the town, the first thing we did was to get a taxi. During the ride out there, we were shaking so with excitement, that it was almost impossible to think even. But we did decide, that since we would probably be out there only a few minutes, half an hour at the most, it would be better to have the driver wait; especially since there was no

meter on the taxi to tick away dollars, and very little possibility of much more business in Pompton Lakes that day.

Instead of stopping at the gatekeeper's house, the driver took us, soaking wet as we were, right up to the front door. After the maid had left us in the large living-room, which you entered from the porch, in order to get to Mr. Terhune, we examined it closely, though never moving from our stand in front of the large fire. In front of this open fire there was a huge, deep, leather sofa, merely to look at which made one feel cozy and warm. On the floor there were rugs of all kinds, including a tiger skin in front of the door and a white skin of some sort near the piano in the music room. One corner of the room was given over to cups and other trophies won by the Sunnybank collies. In the deep bay windows were cushioned window seats. But to describe the room as I can see it even would take more time than I can allow myself.

Though the room was large, when Mr. Terhune walked in, it dwindled in size beside the bigness of the man himself. He was most cordial to us and made it seem that we were giving him a rare privilege in coming to see him on a day like that one. His conversation, like all else about him, was fascinating, not only because of the way he talked, but also because of the way he drew us out by his seeming interest in all that we had to say. He flattered us quite a bit when, in introducing us to Mrs. Terhune, he not only remembered our names, but also got the correct name for the correct person.

For a while we just sat and talked, they in turn questioning us about our work, school, and all, and telling amusing incidents about their lives. Our feeling of intruding had entirely disappeared under this genial welcome and before long we, too, were asking questions. Big Boy, one of the house dogs, trotted in, making us remember that our visit was to include the dogs also. When Mr. Terhune rose to go with us, Mrs. Terhune said, "But, dear, you are not going out in all this rain, are you, after being sick last night?" But he insisted that he was all right, even though we told him that we would rather not see the dogs than to have him sick on our account. But go he would, and he told us later that he had had a curious malady the night before, smiling as he said it, caused from eating too much crab meat, when he knew that it did not agree with him. As we started out the door, we stopped at the trophy shelf and Mr. Terhune told us the history of some of the cups and showed us pictures of Greydawn, Lad, Bruce, and other of the famous collies.

As we passed from one collie to another Mr. Terhune told us about each, and from the huge pockets of his corduroy coat, he fed the dogs

animal crackers. Joan, a particularly old and loved dog, he called "little daughter," and to each he had a kind and loving word. In reply to my question of whether or not he had any dogs other than collies, he took us to a kennel in which there was a terrier of sorts. Mr. Terhune said that the dog was bought to scare the rats away from the barn, that though collies killed all of the rats they could get, they were too large to get into the smaller places for them. He added, with a humorous story, that the dog had his first rat to catch, though he had been at Sunnybank for several years. The only other non-collie on the place was some sort of a low-slung German dog, not a Dachshund, though. He also had a history which was quite interesting.

After we had visited the kennels, we stood in the open doorway of the empty barn and listened to Mr. Terhune tell stories of his dogs with even more fascination than he writes them. While talking, he remembered the brood of eight five-weeks-old puppies. Back to the kennels we went, where we sat on the floor of the brood-house, playing with the pups, and hearing how Sandy had saved them when they were born. Having seen all of the dogs, we went back to the house, and Mrs. Terhune insisted that we come in and get dry before starting back to New York.

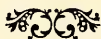
As is usually the case when the South and the North meet, sooner or later the conversation turns to the question of the negro. Mr. Terhune said, "The negro is, without a doubt, the most wonderful creature that God ever made, but you may just as well say that one of my dogs here can understand higher mathematics, as to say that the negro will ever be equal to the white man."

From that, the conversation turned to other channels, and when I finally realized that we must have stayed at least our half an hour, I looked at my watch and discovered that we had been there more than two hours! My first thought was of the taxi driver waiting in the rain. Both Mr. and Mrs. Terhune followed us to the door, where they stood until we were out of sight. I will always remember that picture: Mr. Terhune, with hand upraised, and Mrs. Terhune beside him, barely reaching to his shoulder, waving her hand, and, last, Sandy, walking majestically up to see what it was all about.

During the ride back to Pompton Lakes, both Elizabeth and I were silent for the most part, except when we would suddenly burst forth with something that he or she had said. At the village, we got out of the car and asked the driver what the fare was. He said, "Mr. Terhune has settled for all of that." Could anyone be more generous? After giving

us two hours of unforgettable memories, he tops it all by paying the taxi driver for waiting those two hours in the rain.

Perhaps I do have a bad case of hero worship but who would not, after a trip like that? By the strength of their personality, we were made to feel like honored guests who were doing them a great favor by coming there. If there were more people in the world like them, there would be more contentment.



Mists

By ANNE COOGAN

A CROWD of factory hands passed beyond the high wall that cut the King terrain off from the public, and their shrill laughter rang across the sacred precincts and into the high white room where the old woman lay. A ray of light, reflected from the shiny table by the window, danced across the ceiling. Slowly she roused herself from her uneasy slumbers; quietly she lay trying to patch together the fragments of a dream she had had. They were all children together in Massachusetts. She had dreamed this much of late; perhaps it was a premonition of death to come soon. Perhaps it meant that they would all be united again in that far land that rested beyond earthly things. This time she had dreamed of Margaret who had been, of all the brothers and sisters, her confidante. Margaret's face had looked accusingly at her from beyond the mists. Surely Margaret had forgiven her for that horrible thing she had said? She had honestly repented saying it; she had meant to beg Margaret's forgiveness but King pride had kept her from humbling herself. Suddenly she was swept by a wave of grief as she remembered how quickly Margaret had gone. One day she had watched her ride by, and the next day a white-faced maid had come running with the news of Margaret's death.

The mists rolled about her again and she saw Margaret, and John, and all the others calling and beckoning to her. Between them lay the mists, where wandered ugly, spiteful words—words she had flung at Margaret. She tried to push aside the mists, but she could not. She struggled, and the mists grew thicker. Slowly, inexorably, the mists closed in about her.

BOOK REVIEW

DEATH AND TAXES. *By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press, New York. 1931.*

In this—her most recent volume—it is evident that Dorothy Parker's battery of wit which charged her previous books is in no immediate need of repair. Her gay, sophisticated, and naughtily sacrilegious treatment of things serious (we'll avoid the word *depressing*) is nowhere better exemplified than in the following lines entitled "Cherry White":

I never see that prettiest thing—
A cherry bough gone white with Spring—
But what I think, "How gay 'twould be
To hang me from a flowering tree."

To the unfortunate few who are not acquainted with Dorothy Parker's clever verse this book is an appropriate introduction; to those whom she has amused before—a book to be read at once.

FRANCES GAUT



EDITORIAL

Dare You?

When you were seven and chubby and trudging manfully around with your big brother and the freckle-faced boy next door who had two white rats, and they "D-double dared" you to steal a copper penny off of the top limb on the cherry tree, you did it—didn't you? You drew yourself up to your seven-year-old height and proudly clambered up the trunk. You were afraid not to take a "D-double dare" even though the limbs wiggled and the ground was a mile below. But after it was all over and you shakily came back to earth, a great satisfaction took the place of fear.

The picture changes now; you are older, far more worldly-wise, no longer impulsive and alert, yet a dare should appeal to that latent streak of adventure which lies beneath the veneer of your sophistication.

We of the CORADDI staff dare you to turn aside from your present *laissez-faire* attitude toward creative writing and bestir yourselves to an expression of your reaction to the events of every-day life. Truth was ever "stranger than fiction," and we are living in the time of record-breaking and record-making, in the time of complex economic, social, and political problems, in the time of a changing order.

Read a new book and write a criticism of it; think about current problems and express an opinion whether pro or con, write that story you have had back in your mind for several months, as the poet says, "Kick at the stars,"—come on—we dare you.

H. S.



Pen Feathers

Rebenge

When school's last task is finished and the books are laid aside,
When the oldest scenes have faded and the newest vista is wide,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till a job comes for every student and puts her to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a teacher's chair;
They shall judge the students' actions with never a thought or care.
They shall find poor pupils to rail at—Marianne, Sarah, and Paul;
They shall talk for an age in a class and never grow tired at all.

And only their colleagues shall praise them, but all the students shall
blame;
And all shall work for money, and all shall fight for fame,
But none for the joy of working, and each, in her separate seat,
Shall change the hard-working pupils all into teachers neat.

HELEN COMER



If William Tell Had Missed the Apple*

By EDNA MILLER

Mr. Tell slammed the front gate and hurried up the gravel path to the cool-looking veranda. He grunted a "G'd evenin'" to Mrs. Tell and sank into a chair by her side.

"Lord, what a day! If this weather keeps up, I'll never live through the summer. Whew!" He fanned hot air over his red, perspiring face with his white straw hat and propped his feet up on the bannisters.

"Poor William!" murmured Mrs. Tell sympathetically. "I know you're tired, and this weather is dreadful. Well, what does the paper say this evening?" She took up her sewing from her lap and began taking small, secure stitches in the green silk slip that she was making.

* With all due apologies to J. C. Squire, we begin our series of "If."

Mr. Tell drew the *Daily Courier* from his pocket and unfolded it leisurely. He adjusted his tortoise-shell glasses and sank further down into his chair, then peering closely at the front page headlines he began to read in an indistinct monotone: " 'State Legislature Has Longest Session in Forty-three Years. Assembly Stays Two Hundred and Forty-one Days. At the last meeting of the assembly an enthusiastic——' "

"Oh, William, dear, don't read that now. You know I never cared for politics. Do read that column for *Flower Lovers*. I believe that today was the day they were to discuss freesia. Oooh. That word always makes me chilly just to say it. William, do put down those awful politics." She shivered and Mr. Tell, mopping his glistening face, squinted at her irritatedly out of near-sighted eyes.

"Good Lord, don't you ever want to learn anything about what's going on? Do you want to be a know-nothing all of your life? I guess you just want to read about flowers and the comic strips. Good Lord, I never expect to read one the rest of my life!" He picked up his hat and began to fan himself furiously.

A piercing noise interrupted Mrs. Tell's reply. It was a raucous yodel which left one both hot and cold and sent prickles chasing up and down one's spine.

Mr. Tell started nervously, batting his nose with the harsh straw of his stiff white hat. He clutched his wounded nose with one hand and slamming his hat rakishly over his left ear he strode angrily to the end of the porch where he peered far over the bannisters around the corner of the house. There was no one in sight, and straightening his hat to a more dignified angle, he turned to go back to his paper when he felt a tickling sensation upon his right ear, and was at the same time aware of a humming noise about the region of his head. This was followed by a terrified shriek from Mrs. Tell who was gingerly lifting an arrow from where it had fallen in her lap.

Mr. Tell stopped still in his tracks, and then turned slowly around to face the apple of his eye climbing over the scarred bannisters. Junior was carrying a bow and a bunch of flame-tipped arrows, and over the lower part of his face was tied an old black sateen dust cloth.

"Junior!" gasped Mrs. Tell. "Junior, what on earth does this mean? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" She stared at him helplessly.

"Naw!" shouted Junior, "I'm Al Capone, and I'm the best gangster around here. I shoot to kill, an' I kill 'em dead!" he swaggered before them.

"Young man, don't you know that it is dangerous to shoot arrows about where there are people, and where there is a great chance of break-

ing something? Well, young man, you have a lesson to learn."

"Don't, William! Don't hurt him. I couldn't bear it," pleaded Mrs. Tell.

"He needs discipline, and I intend for him to get it," defended Mr. Tell, taking a firm grip upon young William's prominent left ear. He led him howling into the house, then returned and carefully closed the door upon the noise. He dragged his chair out of the late afternoon sunlight across the porch, and sank into his former position.

Mrs. Tell was patting her foot with annoying regularity. Mr. Tell, well-acquainted with that sign, glanced up from his paper to find her glaring at him out of angry eyes.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he demanded.

Mrs. Tell opened fire as though the command had been given to shoot.

"William Tell, it seems to me that you would be positively ashamed of yourself for coming home grouchy after an easy day of doing nothing but sitting behind a bank window handing out money; and being as ill-tempered as you are around your wife and little son. It isn't as though we get around and see our friends and enjoy talking to them every day as you do yours down town. No, our pleasures are far simpler than those—poor little Junior's just playing peacefully with his bow and arrow, and mine tending to my flowers. But you come home in a terrible temper just because the weather happens to be a little warm and deny poor Junior his little fun with his bow and arrow, and don't even notice that my geraniums there on the bannister, which I have been working with for so long, are blooming."

Mr. Tell sank further behind his newspaper. He attempted vainly to read. A mournful wailing was issuing from the depths of the house.

Mrs. Tell continued, "Probably if you played with little Junior more, and took a little more interest in your home, you would have less time to be grouchy." She pressed her lips firmly together and picked up her sewing.

Mr. Tell threw down his newspaper and rose wearily to his feet. "Oh, awright, awright," he muttered, "Good Lord, it does look like a man could read his own newspaper on his own front porch." This last was an almost inaudible mumble. "How in the world am I going to play with him?" His voice broke when he said "world" and he glared at her accusingly.

"Why, William, I'm sure I don't know. Ask Junior what he wants to do," suggested Mrs. Tell somewhat mollified. "Why not show him how to shoot his bow and arrow correctly? I think I remember your telling me once that you were good at that."

A flicker of light glimmered in Mr. Tell's eyes.

"Yes, you're right. What a whang I was in the good old days when I was president of the Archery Club at Princerell." His eyes were bright at the recollection of the good old days.

The wailing in the house was becoming louder. Mr. Tell opened the front door and went in. He closed it behind him. Ten minutes later he emerged again followed by a dancing, skipping, hopping Junior who clutched his bow and arrows to his small bosom.

"Look, mama. Daddy's gonna show me how to shoot good! Look, mama! Daddy's gonna show me how to shoot good! Look, mama!"

Mrs. Tell smiled indulgently.

Taking the bow and arrows from Junior, Mr. Tell languidly drew the bow and sent an arrow hurtling crazily into the air. It landed at his feet. He inserted it again and pulled back the cord, sending one clean and straight into a near-by tree. It was gratifying to him to know that Junior was unaware of the fact that he had not aimed at that particular tree. Junior was beside himself with joy and admiration.

"Now, I used to have a special little trick all my own," said Mr. Tell, aiming at a drain and missing it, "but I have to have an apple to do it." He was as pleased at the prospect of showing off his accomplishment as Junior was at witnessing it. "Run into the house and get an apple, Junior. Quick!"

Junior procured the apple in a moment.

"Now, Junior, stand over there facing me—a little farther, now, that's all right. Now, stick the apple up on your head and be perfectly still." He raised the bow and arrow to the level of his eyes and was about to let the cord go when a loud shriek rent the air, and Mr. Tell saw the apple topple from Junior's head and go rolling across the ground, while Junior fled up the porch steps to the protection of his mother.

"Mama! Mama!" he yelled, "don't let Daddy hit me with that arrow!" His voice broke into loud sobs and gulps as he buried his frightened face on Mrs. Tell's shoulder.

"Of course not, dear," she soothed. "William, what in the world do you mean by trying to frighten the child to death? Why, he's apt to have hysteria!" She glared at him.

Mr. Tell was perplexed. "Why, I wasn't going to hit *him*. I was aiming at the apple. Come, Junior, you aren't going to be a baby, are you? Haven't you any confidence in your father? Let's show your mother how brave you are."

Junior raised his tear-stained face and gazed at his father's face a moment. Maybe he hadn't really meant to hit him. He climbed slowly from his mother's lap and went down into the yard.

"Look, Junior, James Smith is watching us. Put the apple on your head and let's show 'em what we can do. Come on, I couldn't miss it."

Junior obeyed with more spirit now. James Smith was his playmate and rival, and he would like to show him a thing or two.

"Be still now." The arrow whizzed through the air. Junior squeezed his eyes tight closed and waited for the apple to be lifted from his head.

A terrific crash was heard followed by a horrified gasp from Mrs. Tell as she gazed at the shattered pieces of earthenware mingled with black loam and splotches of red geraniums.

"He couldn't miss it!" gritted Mrs. Tell between her teeth. "Oh, no, he couldn't miss it!"

Glowering, she advanced down the steps and out into the yard. Her face, usually pink, was now an outrageous purple. Junior gave one look at his mother and retreated, whimpering, behind a tree. Mr. Tell, his mouth wide open, watched her approach helplessly.

When she had reached his side, Mrs. Tell opened her mouth and a stream of language, forceful and meaningful, issued.

Mr. Tell only hung his head.

Fifteen minutes later he emerged from the interior of the house and sank wearily into his chair. He picked up his neglected newspaper and his eyes once more sought the front page: "State Legislature Has Longest Session in Forty-three Years. Assembly Stays for Hundred and Forty-one Days. At the last meeting of the Assembly an enthusiastic . . ."

"Daddy! Daddy!" Junior bounced out on the front porch. "Whatcha doin', Daddy? Huh? Daddy, whatcha doin'? Aw, Daddy, quit readin' that, an' read me the funny page, will ya, Daddy? Say, Daddy, will ya?" He tugged at his father's sleeve.

Mr. Tell looked longingly at the left hand column of the front page of the *Daily Courier* and sighed deeply.

"All right, Junior," he agreed in a subdued voice as he turned to "Andy Gump."

The Racket

By ROSALIND TRENT

In spite of the buzzing electric fans, it was hot in Sam Devenoe's ornate, overfurnished office. Sam mopped his bald head and fat face with a pink silk handkerchief and fretfully popped his green elastic sleeve bands. He glanced enviously at Oscar. How anybody could keep on a coat, stand-up collar, and tie and still be cool! But from the shining cap of his black head to his well-shod feet, Oscar was the picture of cool composure. He favored Sam with a slow, satanic smile, black eyes narrowing, thin lips just showing his teeth.

"Warm," Sam grunted. Oscar made him "sore." He could be so cranky, and always at the wrong time. Right now he was being his crankiest. Sam sighed. "C'mon, Os," he pleaded. "Just this onct more. Why should you care?"

"No," Oscar's voice was decided, "I won't."

"I'm asking you as a favor to me."

"I won't do it," Oscar lifted himself from a half-lying to a sitting posture.

"I'm through doing all the dirty work for this mob. You want a bank robbed; you pick me. You want a guy shot; you pick me. But when you want a deal like big business put over or the prettiest girl in the states vamped, you pick Joie Martin or Earnie Don for the job. All right, let 'em do some of the dirty work, too."

"Aw, c'mon, Os. Don't neither of 'em know anything about your end of it."

"They could learn, I suppose?" Oscar lit a cigarette, puffed it slowly. "Listen, Sam, I talked to Earnie this morning. He'd like to exchange jobs on this with me. How'd that be, me for the heroics, Earnie for the dirty work?"

"Holy Saints," Sam howled it out, "are you both off your nuts? Earnie as a gunman! He'd be a five-reel comedy! He don't know which end of a gun bullets come out of!"

"I'll teach him to——"

"Yeah, can you change him and that baby Sunday face of his? He couldn't never bully folks into things. Who'd be afraid of him?"

"O, couldn't he? Don't fool yourself, Sam. He not only can, he wants to do it."

"An' you," Sam raved on, "what girl is gonna fall for your mug! What old lady is gonna trust her bank roll to you! You look crooked. It wouldn't be natural!"

"Aw, Sam! That's not fair. I can make my face look any way I want it. You know that; that's why you hired me."

"Yeah, you can, but Earnie can't."

"He doesn't need to. Any jury would acquit him on his natural face. Honestly, Sam, people would go wild over it."

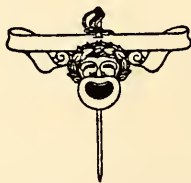
"Naw, it's too risky. You and Earnie are both gonna do like I said."

"We wont!"

Sam's eyes were cat-like slits. "There's ways of making you, son," he drawled.

Oscar laughed, "Nope, not this time. Metro and Fox are both bidding for me and Earnie. Unless we get our way about this, we're going, too, and you know that you got nobody to take our places."

Sam knew when he was beaten. "Aw right," he sighed, "have your way. But we'll lose money sure, for this is gonna be the rottenest picture I ever directed."



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